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THE

SONGSTER'S MUSEUM;

A NEW AND

CHOICE COLLECTION

OF

POPULAR SONGS,

SELECTED FROM THE BEST AUTHORS.

HARTFORD

PUBLISHED BY HENRY BENTON

1829.

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MAY 8 1935

The Noble Scuball.

AIR—"*Money makes the Mare go.*"

GENTLEMEN, Noblemen, Ladies and all,
I'll sing you the praise of the Noble Scuball—
When this you hear, you shall quick understand
Of brave Squire Marvel, the peer of the land.

Squire Marvel turn'd round, and thus he did say.
Gentlemen, Noblemen, to-morrow's the day,
Your saddles, your riders, and all things prepare,
For we must away to the plains of Kildare.

The horses brought out, they view'd them all round,
Gentlemen, Noblemen, your money lay down,
And all those spectators will quick clear the way,
The riders are mounted without a moment's delay.

The riders were mounted and away they did fly,
Scuball like an arrow, Miss Portly pass'd by;
And had you been there to have seen them gone round,
You'd swore in your heart they ne'er touch'd the ground.

And when they had arrived at the middle of the course,
Scuball with his rider begins to discourse—
And now noble rider pray tell unto me,
How far in the rear Miss Portly she be.

Then says the rider, you run in great style,
The Mare's in the rear a large English mile—
Stick close to your saddle, my boy, never fear,
We ne'er shall be beat by the gallant Gray Mare.

And when they'd arriv'd at the winning post,
Scuball with his rider must needs drink a toast—
Here's to those that laid money all on the Gray Mare,
For they've lost their purses upon the plains of Kil dare.

An Old Maid.

TUNE—*The Old Maid.*

There was an old maiden of seventy-six,
Who scarce had a tooth in her head,
Swerving a little from prudish tricks,
Conceiv'd a strong passion to wed;
And pleasing herself with splendid views,
Had a mighty conceit of herself:
She was sure that no man in the world could refuse
A maiden with plenty of pelf.

CHORUS—Sing fol de rol, lol de rol, old and tough,
Fol de rol, lol de rol, old and tough,
A premium will be paid
To any old bachelor old and tough,
To any old bachelor old and tough,
To any old bachelor bold enough
To marry this merry old maid—
To marry a maid, to marry a maid,
To marry a merry old maid,
To any old bachelor bold enough
To marry this merry old maid.

O yes, O yes, said the crier aloud,
Come bachelors be not afraid,
For treasure will render him wealthy enough
Who marries this merry old maid.
And money, you know, makes the matter a joke,
When gain'd by a frisky old *trapse*,

Who'd rather be bound in a conjugal yoke
Than afterwards leading of apes.
Sing fol de rol, &c.

Now see her bedizzen'd in juvenile rig,
Instead of her tresses of gray;
Like hoary September, in juvenile rig,
Assuming a visage of May—
How happy the man to obtain such a wife,
Whose age will divest him of care,
No hazard he'll run in the course of his life,
In joining the group at town fair.
Sing fol de rol, &c.

Hail to the Day.

TUNE—*Hail to the Chief.*

Hail to the day which arises in splendour,
Spreading the lustre of liberty far;
Long may its glories illumine September,
Which twice beheld freemen victors in war.
Rous'd by the spirit of heaven-born freedom,
Perry his lightning pours over the lake,
His falcon a meteor glitters to leave them,
And swift on the foemen in thunder they break.

CHORUS—Loud swell the cannon's roar,
On Erie's sounding shore—
Answer'd in vollies by musquetry's voice,
Till Britain's cross descends,
And the haughty foe bends,
Victory, glory, Columbians rejoice.

Hail to the day in splendour returning,
Which lights us to glory and conquest again—
Time told a year, still the war-torch [illegible]

And threw her red rays on the waves of Champlain.
Rous'd by the spirit that conquer'd for Perry,
Dauntless M'Donough advanc'd on the fray,
The instant the glory that brighten'd lake Erie,
Burst on Champlain in splendour of day.

CHORUS—Loud swell the cannon's roar,
Round Plattsburgh's bloody shore,
Britons retreat from the tempest of war;
Provost deserts the field,
While the gallant ships yield,
Victory, glory, Columbians huzza!

Hail to the day that's recorded in story,
Where lives the bright record of unfading fame—
Long may Columbians, inspir'd by its glory,
Hail its returning with joyous acclaim.
Victory scatter'd profusely the laurel,
Over our heroes on land and on flood,
Britons astonish'd, relinquish'd the quarrel,
Peace saw her olive arise from the blood.

CHORUS—Now cannon cease to roar,
Round freedom's peaceful shore,
Silent and hush'd is the war-bugle's voice;
Let festive joys increase
In the sunshine of peace,
Peace gain'd by victory, freemen rejoice.

An American Volunteer.

The trumpet sounds, my country calls,
A hostile band our shores invade,
I go to dare the cannon balls,
And dye in blood my battle blade.

And Mary, gentle and sincere,
Weep not, I pray, when thus we part,
Drive from thine eye the falling tear,
And banish sorrow from thy heart.

For should I coward-like await
The foes' approach in marshal pride,
And see them force our farm house gate,
With lust and rapine by their side—

I could not bear the keen rebuke,
Thy screams would speak in that dread hour,
I could not bear thy helpless look,
When struggling with a ruffian's power.

No, get my war-horse, I'll away
And meet the invader on the strand,
And they shall surely rue the day,
They dar'd upon our coast to land.

And weep not, Mary, if I fall,
Nor heave thy bosom with a sigh—
Death is the common lot of all,
'Tis for my country I shall die.

And teach our little darling boy
That life is not with slav'ry wed,
Teach him to yield it up with joy,
At freedom's call, on honour's bed.

Tell him 'twas thus our heroes fought;
And Mary, be thou sure to tell
Our little one, that thus he ought
To fight, for thus his father fell.

The Drum.

Come each gallant lad,
Who for pleasure quits care ;
To the drum, drum, drum, to, &c.
To the drum-head with spirit repair.

Each recruiter takes his glass,
And each young soldier with his lass,
While the drum beats tattoo, while, &c.
Retires the sweet night to pass

Each night gaily laid—
Thus we'll merrily waste,
Till the drum, drum, drum, &c.
Till the drum tells us 'tis past.

Picquet arms at dawn now shine,
And each drum ruffles down the line
Now the drum beats revelle, now, &c.
Saluting the day divine.

But hark ; yonder shouts—
See the standard now alarms,
Now the drum, drum, drum, &c.
Now the drum beats loudly to arms.

ill'd and wounded, how they lie!
Helter, skelter, see they fly,
Now the drum beats retreat, now, &c.
We'll fire a feu-de-joy.

How stands the Glass around ?

How stands the glass around ?
For shame, you take no care, my boys !
How stands the glass around ?
Let mirth and wine abound !
The trumpet sounds !
The colours now are flying, boys,
To fight, kill, or wound ;
May we still be found
Content with our hard fate, my boys,
On the cold ground !

Why, soldiers, why
Should we be melancholly, boys ?
Why, soldiers, why !
Whose business 'tis to die.
What ! sighing ! fie !
Don't fear drink on, be jolly, boys !
'Tis he you, or I—
Cold, hot, wet or dry ;
We're always bound to follow, boys !
And scorn to fly !

'Tis but in vain,
I mean not to upbraid you, boys ;
'Tis but in vain
For soldiers to complain :
Should next campaign
Send us to him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain :
But if we remain,
A bottle and kind landlady
Cure all again.

I could never cry for laughing.

Luck in life, or good or bad,
  Ne'er could make me melancholy,
Seldom rich, yet never sad,
  Sometimes poor, yet always jolly.
Fortune in my scale, that's poz,
  Of mischance put more than half in,
Yet, I don't know how it was,
  I could never cry for laughing.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
  I could never cry for laughing.

Monstrous grave are men of law,
  (Law knows no end when once beginning,)
Yet those dons I never saw,
  But their wigs would set me grinning.
Once, when I was very ill,
  Seven doctors came—such quizzes!
Zooks! I thought they would me kill,
  With laughing at their comic phizzes,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
  With laughing at their comic phizzes.

After that, in love I fell,
  (Love creates a deal of trouble)
But my courtship—strange to tell,
  Only made my mirth redouble:
I laugh'd—she frown'd—I laugh'd again,
  Till I brought her to her tether,
Then she smil'd—we wed—since then
  We mean to laugh through life together
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
  We mean to laugh through life together.

The Cobbler

A Cobbler I am, and my name is Dick Awl,
I'm a bit of a beast, for I live in a stall!
With an ugly old wife, and a tortoise-shell cat,
I *mends* boots and shoes with a rat, a tat, tat.
Tol de rol.

This morning at breakfast, on bacon and spinnage,
Says I to my wife, I'm going to Greenwich;
Says she, Dicky Awl, aye, and I will go too,
Says I, Mrs. Awl, I'll be d—d if you do.
Told de rol.

One word bred another—a shocking mishap!
She gave me the *lie*, and I gave her the *strap*.
To tarry at home, then, I thought it a sin,
So I soon *bolted out*—but I *bolted her in*.
Tol de rol.

To Greenwich, by water, I merrily sped,
And saw them all rolling it, heels over head;
The sun was so bright, and so high the wind blew,
I spied—what I don't choose to mention to you.
Tol de rol.

But when I got home (it is true, on my life)
Bill Button, the tailor, was off with my wife;
Though old, Mrs. Awl has no fancy to bolts,
She had but one tooth, but that tooth was a colt's.
Tol de rol.

Ah Sally, my love! 'twas a very bad plan,
To *cut* me, and choose the ninth part of a man;
She thought in eloping, so cunning and tricky,
With poor *Dicky Awl*, it would soon be all *Dicky*.
Tol de rol.

If Bill and my rib should get into a fray,
He may sell her by auction the next market day ;
If nobody bids for the sweet pretty elf,
Knock her down, my dear Billy, and keep her yourself. Tol de rol.

Oh, say not Woman's Love is bought.

Oh, say not woman's love is bought,
With vain and empty treasure ;
Oh, say not woman's heart is caught
By ev'ry idle pleasure ;
When first her gentle bosom knows
Love's flame, it wanders never ;
Deep in her heart the passion glows,
She loves, and loves for ever !

Oh, say not woman's false as fair,
That like the bee she ranges ;
Still seeking flowers more sweet and rare,
As fickle fancy changes.
Ah, no ! the love that first can warm,
Will leave her bosom never !
No second passion e'er can charm,
She loves, and loves for ever !

The Old Commodore.

Od's blood, what a time for a seaman to skulk
Under gingerbread hatches a shore ;
What a damn'd bad job that this batter'd old hulk,
Can't be rigg'd out for sea once more :
For the puppies as they pass,
Cocking up a squinting glass,

Thus run down the old Commodore ·
That's the old Commodore,
The old rum Commodore,
The gouty old Commodore, he! he! he!
Why the bullets and the gout,
Have so knock'd his hull about
That he'll never more be fit for sea.

Here am I in distress, like a ship water-logg'd,
Not a tow-rope at hand or an oar,
I'm left by my crew, and may I be flogg'd,
But the doctor's a son of a whore;
While I'm swallowing his slops,
How nimble are his chops,
Thus queering the old Commodore:
Bad case, Commodore;
Can't say, Commodore;
Mustn't flatter, Commodore, says he;
For the bullets and the gout
Have so knock'd your hull about,
That you'll never more be fit for sea.

What! no more be afloat? blood and fury, they lie!
I'm a seaman, and only three score;
And if, as they tell me, I'm likely to die,
Odzooks! let me not die ashore.
As to death, 'tis all a joke,
Sailors live in fire and smoke,
So at least says the old Commodore;
The old rum Commodore,
The tough old Commodore,
The fighting old Commodore, says he;
Who the bullets nor the gout,
Nor the enemy to boot,
Shall kill till they grapple him at sea.

Rosy Smile.

TUNE—*Mira of the Vale.*

Where's the rosy smile you gave me,
When I thought we ne'er could sever?
Oh! it beam'd but to enslave me;
Now 'tis gone, and gone for ever!
Where's the glance that sweetly glisten'd
Through the dewy tear of pleasure?
Where's the song to which I listen'd,
When you were my treasure?

Where's the blushing crown you wreath'd me,
Lost in passion's gentle dreaming?
Where's the melting vow you breath'd me
From that lip with rapture teeming?
Like your love the rose hath faded,
All its fragrant power is over;
Sorrow's blight the leaf invaded,
Emblem of your lover!

Silent Tears.

CAN I forget the silent tears,
Which I have shed for thee;
And all the pangs, and doubts, and fears,
Which scatter'd o'er my bloom of years,
The blights of misery?

I never close my languid eyes,
Unless to dream of thee;
My every breath is but the sigh,
My every sound, the broken sigh,
Of lasting misery.

Blue-Eyed Mary.

Come tell me, blue-ey'd stranger,
Say whither do'st thou roam ?
O'er this wide world a ranger,
Hast thou no friends or home ?

They call'd me blue-ey'd Mary,
When friends and fortune smil'd
But ah, how fortunes vary,
I now am sorrow's child.

Come here, I'll buy thy flowers,
And ease thy hapless lot,
Still wet with waning showers,
I'll buy, Forget-me-not.

Kind Sir, then take these posies,
They're fading like my youth,
But never, like these roses,
Shall wither Mary's truth.

Look up thou poor forsaken,
I'll give thee house and home,
And if I'm not mistaken,
Thou'lt never wish to roam.

Born thus to weep my fortune,
Tho' poor I'll virtuous prove,
I early learnt this caution,
That pity is not love.

No, no sweet blue-ey'd stranger
I'll give thee hand and heart,
Be not a friendless ranger,
We never more will part.

Once more I'm happy Mary,
Once more has fortune smil'd,
Who ne'er from virtue vary,
May yet be fortune's child.

Love has Eyes.

Love's blind, they say, oh, never, nay,
Can words love's grace impart ?
The fancy weak, the tongue may speak
But eyes alone the heart.
In one soft look what language lies !
Oh, yes, believe me, love has eyes.
Oh ! love has eyes,
Love has eyes, &c.

Love's wing'd, they cry—oh, never, I
No pinions have to soar ;
Deceivers rove, but never love,
Attach'd, he roves no more.
Can he have wings who never flies,
Oh, yes, believe me, love has eyes, &c.

A Soldier's Gratitude.

Whate'er my fate, where'er I roam,
By sorrow still opprest,
I'll ne'er forget the peaceful home,
That gave a wand'rer rest ;
Then ever rove life's sunny banks,
By sweetest flow'rets strew'd
Still may you claim a soldier's thanks !
A soldier's gratitude.

The tender sigh, the balmy tear,
That meek-ey'd Pity gave,
My last expiring hour shall cheer,
And bless the wand'rer's grave.
Then ever rove life's sunny banks,
By sweetest flow'rets strew'd !
Still may you claim a soldier's thanks,
A soldier's gratitude.

Love and Glory.

Young Henry was as brave a youth
As ever grac'd a martial story ;
And Jane was fair as lovely truth .
She sigh'd for love, and he for glory.

With her his faith he meant to plight,
And told her many a gallant story ;
Till war, their honest joys to blight,
Call'd him away from love to glory.

Brave Henry met the foe with pride ;
Jane follow'd—fought—ah ! hapless story—
In man's attire, by Henry's side,
She died for love, and he for glory.

The Apple Tree.

A PARODY ON THE WILLOW.

Oh ! take me to your arms, my love,
For bright the moon doth shine :
Oh ! take me to your arms, my love,
Or I'll take you to mine.
She left her bed, popp'd out her head,
'Begone, you rogue,' says she ;
'Come down,' says I, 'or here I'll lie
Beneath the Apple Tree.'

My love had wealth and beauty,
But soon her cash run dry ;
My love had wealth and beauty,
But she had lost an eye.
Her foot so fair, tript down the stair,
Her auburn locks so red !
Then in I crept where Judy slept,
Beneath her tester bed.

Next morn I woke quite early,
And set me up on end—
Next morn I woke quite early,
And thought to seek my friend.
My wife was gone—my friend was flown
My love she stole her mug;
So down I lay in bed all day,
Beneath the worsted rug.

The Sailor Boy.

The sea was calm, the sky serene,
And gently blew the eastern gale;
When Anna, seated on a rock,
Watch'd the Lavonia's less'ning sail.
To heaven she thus her prayer address'd—
'Thou who canst save, or canst destroy;
From each surrounding danger guard
My much lov'd little sailor boy.

When tempests o'er the ocean howl,
And even sailors shrink with dread,
Be some protecting angel near,
To hover round my William's head.
He was belov'd by all the plain,
His father's pride, his mother's joy,
Then safely to their arms restore
Their much lov'd little sailor boy.

May no rude foe his course impede—
Conduct him safely o'er the waves—
O, may he never be compell'd
To fight for power, or mix with slaves:
May smiling peace his steps attend,
Each rising hour be crown'd with joy,
As blest as that when I again
Shall meet my much lov'd sailor boy.

Sweet Seducer.

Sweet seducer, ever smiling!
Charming still, and still beguiling!
Oft I swore to love thee never,
Yet I love thee more than ever.

Oh! be less, be less enchanting,
Let some little grace be wanting;
Let my eyes, when I'm expiring,
Gaze awhile, without admiring!

The Grinders.

Search the world round and about,
Many a freak you'll be finding;
But what d'ye think's all the go?
By Lord Harry, it's nothing but grinding.
Terry heigh ho, heigh ho—
Scandal the devil can't bind her;
The world is all how come you so,
And ev'ry profession's turn'd grinder.

The statesmen, devouring elves,
And lawyers are terrible giants;
They grind all the corn for themselves,
And leave all the chaff for their clients.
Terry heigh ho, &c.

The doctors grind you for their fees—
They kill you for mere preservation;
For they know if you live to get well,
They must die, sure enough, of starvation.
Terry heigh ho, &c.

The misers grind north, east, west, and south,
The barber at grinding's a crammer:
The church-warden's got a wide mouth,
And his grinders are like a sledge hammer.
Terry heigh ho, &c.

The gamester he grinds by the card—
Sure he is the devil's own cousin·
The tailor he grinds by the yard,
And the baker he grinds by the dozen.
Terry heigh ho, &c.

Thus like cobblers, to make both ends meet,
At grinding each sticks to his tether,
Till Old Nick, who all grinders can beat,
Shall grind the whole boiling together.
Terry heigh ho, &c.

A Highland Laddie heard of War

A highland laddie heard of war,
Which set his heart in motion:
He heard the distant cannon roar—
He saw the smiling ocean.
Come weal, come wo,
To sea he'd go,
And left one morning early,
Lock Lomond Ben,
And the willow glen,
And Jenny that lov'd him dearly.

He wander'd east, he wander'd south,
But joy he could not find it;
But he found out this wholesome truth,
And had the sense to mind it—

Of a' the earth,
The bonny north
To cherish late and early,
Loch Lomond Ben,
And willow glen,
And Jenny that lov'd him dearly.

Plato's Advice.

Says Plato, why should man be vain,
Since bounteous heav'n has made him great?
Why look with insolent disdain
On those undeck'd with wealth and state?

Can costly robes or beds of down,
Or all the gems that deck the fair?
Can all the glories of a crown
Give health, or ease the brow of care?

The scepter'd king, the burden'd slave,
The humble and the haughty die;
The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
In dust without distinction lie.

Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,
Who once the greatest titles wore;
Of wealth and glory now bereft,
And all their honours are no more.

So through the air the meteor flies,
And speeds along his gilded train,
When shot, 'tis gone, its beauty dies,
Dissolv'd to common dust again.

The Girl of my Heart.

In the world's crooked path where I've been,
Forc'd to share of life's gloom my full part;
The sunshine that softened the scene,
Was a smile from the girl of my heart.

Not a swain when the lark quits her nest,
But to labour with glee will depart,
If at eve he expects to be bles t
With a smile from the girl of his heart.

Should pale sorrow and care cross my way,
Let my mind still this maxim impart,
That the comfort of man's fleeting day,
Is a smile from the girl of his heart.

For alas! what is wealth, power and fame,
Or the tricks and the follies of art—
To the light and the warmth of the flame,
Kindled up by the girl of my heart?

'Tis a smile from a soul that's divine,
And its power can Elysium impart—
Then how raptur'd this bosom of mine,
By a smile from the girl of my heart!

The Negro Boy and Watch.

When avarice enslaves the mind,
And selfish views alone bear sway,
Man turns a savage to his kind,
And blood and rapine mark his way:
Alas! for this poor simple toy,
I sold a blooming negro boy.

His father's hope, his mother's pride,
Tho' black, yet comely to the view,
I tore him helpless from their side,
And gave him to a ruffian crew:
To fiends that Afric's coast annoy,
I sold the blooming negro boy.

From country, friends, and parents torn
His tender limbs in chains confin'd,
I saw him o'er the billows borne,
And mark'd his agony of mind:
But still to gain this simple toy,
I gave away the negro boy.

In isles that deck the western wave,
I doom'd the hapless youth to dwell,
A poor, forlorn, insulted slave—
A beast that Christians buy and sell·
And in their cruel tasks employ
The much-enduring negro boy

His wretched parents long shall mourn,
Shall long explore the dismal main,
In hopes to see the youth's return,
But all their hopes and sighs are vain:
They never shall the sight enjoy
Of their lamented negro boy.

Beneath a tyrant's harsh command
He wears away his youthful prime;
Far distant from his native land,
A stranger in a foreign clime:
No pleasing thoughts his mind employ,
A poor, dejected negro boy.

But he who walks upon the wind,
Whose voice in thunder's heard on high;
Who doth the raging tempest bind,
Or wing the lightning thro' the sky:
In his own time will soon destroy
The oppressors of the negro boy.

Hard Times.

TUNE—*Robin Adair.*

What's this dull town to me?
No cash is here!
Things that we us'd to see,
Now don't appear.
Where's all the *Plattsburgh* bills,
Silver dollars, cents and mills?
Oh! we must check our wills,
No cash is here.

What made the city shine?
Money was here.
What makes the lads repine?
No cash is here.
What makes the farmers sad,
Factors crazy, merchants mad?
Oh! times are very bad—
No cash is here.

Oh! curse upon the banks,
No credit's there.
They issue nought but blanks,
No cash is there.
Hard times, the men do cry,
Hard times, the women sigh,
Ruin and misery,
No cash is here!

Be quick, for I'm in haste.

As 'cross the fields the other morn
I tripp'd so blithe and gay,
The 'squire with his dog and gun,
By chance came by that way:
Whither so fast, sweet maid, he cry'd,
And caught me round the waist,
Pray stop awhile—'Dear sir,' said I,
'I can't, for I'm in haste.'

'You must not go as yet,' cry'd he,
'For I have much to say:
Come set you down, and let us chat,
Upon the new mow'd hay;
I've lov'd you long, and oft have wish'd
Those ruby lips to taste,
I'll have a kiss'—'Well then,' said I,
'Be quick, for I'm in haste.'

Just as I spoke, I saw young Hodge
Come through a neighbouring gate!
He caught my hand, and cry'd 'Dear girl,
I fear I've made you wait;
But here's the ring, come let's to church,
The joys of love to taste'—
I left the 'squire, and laughing cry'd,
'You see, sir, I'm in haste.'

Columbia....Land of Liberty.

To liberty's enraptur'd sight,
When first Columbia shone,
She hail'd it from her starry height,
And, smiling, claim'd it as her own:

'Fair land," the goddess cried, "be free!
"Soil of my choice! to fame arise!"
She spoke, and heaven's minstrelsy
Swell'd the loud chorus through the skies,
All hail! for ever great and free!
Columbia—land of liberty!

Columbia's genius heard the strain,
And proudly rais'd her drooping crest;
Her sons, impatient, fill'd the plain,
Where panted high each patriot breast.
Their fetters they indignant spurn'd;
They waved their falchions high in air,
And where the goddess' altar burn'd,
From kneeling warriors rose the prayer
To die be ours, if thou art free,
Columbia—land of liberty!

War blew her clarion loud and long,
Oppression led his legions on;
To battle rush'd the patriot throng,
And soon the glorious day was won.
Each bleeding freeman smil'd in death;
Flying he saw his country's foes;
And wafted by his latest breath,
To Heaven the cheerful pæan rose-
Content I die—for thou art free!
Columbia—land of liberty!

And shall we ever dim the fires,
That flame on freedom's shrines!
Shall glory's children shame their sires?
Shall cowards spring from heroes' loins?
No—by the blood our fathers shed,
O freedom! in thy holy cause,

When streaming from the martyr'd dead,
It seal'd and sanctified thy laws—
We swear to keep thee great and free!
Columbia—land of liberty.

Said a Smile to a Tear.

Said a smile to a tear,
On the cheek of my dear,
Which beam'd like the sun in spring weather,
In sooth, lovely tear,
It strange doth appear,
That we should be both here together.

I came from the heart,
A soft balm to impart,
To yonder sad daughter of grief.
And I, said the smile,
That heart now beguile,
Since you gave the poor mourner relief.

Oh! then, said the tear,
Sweet smile, it is clear,
We're twins, and soft pity our mother;
And how lovely that face,
Which together we grace,
For the wo and the bliss of another.

ODE.

Sung at the dinner, given at Boston, to the Officers of the United States' frigate Constitution, after the victory over the British frigate Guerriere.

Britannia's gallant streamers
Float proudly o'er the tide;
And fairly wave Columbia's stripes,
In battle, side by side.

And ne'er did bolder foemen meet,
Where ocean's surges pour.
O'er the tide now they ride,
While the bell'wing thunders roar,
While the cannon's fire is flashing fast,
And the bell'wing thunders roar.

When Yankee meets the Briton,
Whose blood congenial flows,
By heaven created to be friends,
By fortune render'd foes;
Hard then must be the battle fray,
Ere well the fight is o'er,
Now they ride, side by side,
While the bell'wing thunders roar,
While the cannon's fire is flashing fast,
And the bell'wing thunders roar.

Still, still, for noble England,
Bold DACRES' streamers fly;
And for Columbia, gallant HULL'S,
As proudly, and as high.
Now louder rings the battle din,
More thick the volumes pour;
Still they ride, side by side,
While the bell'wing thunders roar,
While the cannon's fire is flashing fast,
And the bell'wing thunders roar.

Why lulls Britannia's thunder,
That wak'd the wat'ry war?
Why stays that gallant Guerriere,
Whose streamer wav'd so fair?
That streamer drinks the ocean wave,
That warrior's fight is o'er;
Still they ride, side by side,

While Columbia's thunders roar,
While her cannon's fire is flashing fast,
And her Yankee thunders roar.

Hark! 'tis the Briton's lee gun!
Ne'er bolder warrior kneel'd!
And ne'er to gallant mariners
Did braver seamen yield.
Proud be the sires, whose hardy boys
Then fell, to fight no more;
With the brave, mid the wave,
When the cannon's thunders roar,
Their spirits then shall trim the blast,
And swell the thunder's roar.

Vain were the cheers of Britons,
Their hearts did vainly swell
Where virtue, skill, and bravery
With gallant MORRIS fell.
That heart, so well in battle try'd,
Along the Moorish shore,
Again, o'er the main,
When Columbia's thunders roar,
Shall prove its Yankee spirit true,
When Columbia's thunders roar.

Hence be our floating bulwarks,
Those oaks our mountains yield;
'Tis mighty heaven's plain decree—
Then take the wat'ry field!
To ocean's farthest barrier then
Your whit'ning sail shall pour;
Safe they'll ride, o'er the tide,
While Columbia's thunders roar,
While her cannon's fire is flashing fast,
And her Yankee thunders roar.

The Kiss.

One kind kiss before we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu,
Though we sever, my fond heart
Till we meet, shall pant for you

Yet, yet, weep not so my love,
Let me kiss that falling tear ;
Though my body must remove,
All my soul will still be here.

All my soul and all my heart,
Ev'ry wish shall pant for you ;
One kind kiss then, ere we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu.

Auld Lang Syne.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne ?

Chorus—For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twae hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine ;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, &c,

We twae hae paidlet i' the burn,
Fra mornin sun till dine:
But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a right gude wille- waught
For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint stowp,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c

Thine am I.

Thine am I, my faithful fair,
Thine, my lovely Nancy;
Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
Ev'ry roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,
There to throb and languish;
Tho' despair had wrung its core,
That would heal its anguish.

Take away those rosy lips,
Rich with balmy treasure;
Turn away thine eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure.

What is life when wanting love?
Night without a morning:
Love's the cloudless summer sun,
Nature gay adorning.

The Braes of Balquhither.

AIR—"*The three Carls o' Buchanan.*"

Let us go, lassie, go
To the braes of Balquhither,
Where the blae-berries grow
Mang bonnie Highland heather;
Where the deer and the rae,
Lightly bounding together,
Sport the lang summer day
On the braes of Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bow'r,
By the clear siller fountain,
And I'll cover it o'er
Wi' the flow'rs o' the mountain;
I will range through the wilds,
And the deep glens sae dreary,
And return wi' their spoils
To the bow'r o' my deary.

When the rude wintry win'
Idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the linn
On the night breeze is swelling,
So merrily we'll sing
As the storm rattles o'er us,
Till the dear sheeling ring
Wi' the light lilting chorus.

Now the summer is in prime
Wi' the flow'rs richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme,
A' the moorland perfuming;
To our dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
'Mang the braes of Balquhither.

The Echo.

Tell me, babbling echo, why
You return me sigh for sigh ;
Whilst I of slighted love complain,
You delight to mock my pain.

Bold intruder, night and day,
Busy tell-tale haste away ;
Me and my cares in silence leave—
Come not near me while I grieve.

But should my swain with all his charms
Return to clasp me in his arms
I'd call thee from the dark retreat,
The joyful tidings to repeat.

Repeat, repeat, repeat the strain,
Sing it o'er and o'er again ;
From morn till eve prolong the tale,
Let it sing from vale to vale.

Why should I Repine.

O why the deuce should I repine,
And be an ill foreboder ;
I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine,
I'll go and be a sodger.

I gat some gear wi' my meikle care,
I held it weel thegither:
But now it's gane, and something mair,
I'll go and be a sodger.

Barney leave the Girls alone.

Judy leads me such a life! (*repeat*)
The devil ne'er had such a wife;
What can the matter be?
For, if I sing the funny song
Of Dolly put the kettle on,
She's mocking at me all day long;
What can the matter be?
Mr. Barney leave the girls alone! (*repeat*)
Why don't you leave the girls alone,
And let them quiet be?
Put the muffins down to roast, (*repeat*)
Blow the fire and make the toast:
We'll all take tea.
Barney you're a wicked boy, (*repeat*)
And you do always play and toy
With all the *gals* you see.
Mr. Barney leave the girls alone! (*repeat*)
Why don't you leave the girls alone,
And let them quiet be?
Mr. Barney leave the girls alone! (*repeat*)
Why don't you leave the girls alone,
And let them quiet be?
Barney rock the cradle, O! (*repeat*)
Or else you'll get the ladle O!
When Judy harps to-day.

Spoken.—Barney, rock that cradle, or I'll break your pate with the ladle; yes, you dog, if you don't mind your P's and Q's, I'll comb your head with a three-legged stool. You see, the other afternoon I was ax'd out to take a comfortable dish of *four shilling houchong tea*, and I sat alongside of Miss Polly Spriggins; I saw she got quite smitten with my countenance—says she to me, Mr. Barney will you

have a game of hunt the slipper? With all my heart, says I, then my wife bawled out, from the other end of the parlour,

Mr. Barney leave the girls alone, (*repeat*)
Why don't you leave the girls alone,
And let them quiet be?
Judy she loves whiskey, O! (*repeat*)
She goes to uncle's shop at night,
And spends an hour or two;
Then, Barney, what must Barney do,
But take a drop of whiskey too,
And toast the girl that's kind and true!
For that's the way with me.

Spoken.—Yes, that is the way we go, to be sure, and to say the truth on it, it is none of the pleasantest. You see I loves a good dinner, but some how or other we don't get much in the week days, a pig's foot and a carrot, no great choice; but on Sunday we always have a shoulder of mutton stuck round with turnips.—I like a piece of the brown, but my wife, she always tucks me off with the knuckle bone or the shoulder blade, or a piece of the dry flap, to the tune of

Mr. Barney leave the girls alone! (*repeat*)
Why don't you leave the girls alone,
And let them quiet be?

Croos-Keen Lawn.

As sung by Mr Mathews *in Youthful Days.*

Let the farmer praise his grounds,
As the huntsman does his hounds,
And the shepherd his sweet scented lawn,
While I more blest than they,
Spend each happy night and day

With my smiling little Croos-keen lawn, lawn lawn,
Oh, my smiling little Croos-keen lawn.
Leante ruma Croos-keen
Sleante gar ma voor meh neen
Agus gramachree ma cooleen ban, ban, ban,
Agus gramachree ma cooleen ban.

In court with manly grace,
Should Sir Toby plade his case,
And the merits of his cause make known,
Without his cheerful glass,
He'd be stupid as an ass,
So he takes a little Croos-keen lawn.
Leante ruma, &c.

Then fill your glasses high,
Let's not part with lips so dry,
Though the lark should proclaim it is dawn—
But if we can't remain,
May we shortly meet again,
To fill another Croos-keen lawn.
Leante, ruma, &c.

And when grim death appears,
After few, but happy years,
And tells me my glass it is run,
I'll say, begone you slave,
For great Bacchus gives me lave
Just to fill another Croos-keen lawn.
Leante ruma, &c.

The Crying Family,

OR THE MISERIES OF ANTICIPATION

As sung by Mr. Morris.—*Tune*, Bob and Joan.

There lived, as I've heard say,
Near to a running water,
An old man and his wife,
Who had a beauteous daughter—
Gay, charming, virtuous, fair.
A young man loved her dearly—
They often wandered there,
Through groves and fields of barley.
Ritol lol lura la, &c.

We'll leave them here a while,
And wait on the old lady,
Good people you may smile—
Says she "As quick as may be,
"I'll take the water-pail,
"And fetch a pail of water.'
And musing as she went,
She thought upon her daughter.
Ritol lol lura la, &c.

Her old man John was there,
To realize his wishes,
With rod, and line, and flies,
To catch the little fishes;
Quite tranquil in his mind,
Upon a bank there lying,
He turned his head behind,
And saw 's old wife a crying.
Ritol lol lura la, &c.

"Why, what's the matter, Kate?
"Nay, what's the matter, woman?
"What's running in your pate?
"Is't something more than common?"
"Ah, John!" poor Katy cries,
"I've got a troubled fancy—
"I heard the water roar,
"And thought upon our Nancy!
Ritol lol lura la, &c.

"If Tom and Nan should wed,
"And such a thing there may be,
"And marriage may bring forth
"A prattling little baby—
"And when the baby walks,
"And just begins to paddle,
"By chance it may come here,
"And in the water waddle!"
Ritol lol lura la, &c.

"Aye, Katy, very true,
"The baby may be drowned, and
"Cast upon the shore,
"Then afterwards be found, and
"Buried it may be,
"That's common after dying,
"Poor, pretty sweet baby!"
And then began a crying.
Ritol lol lura la, &c,

Perhaps it might be fate
That brought the lovers walking,
Who heard old John and Kate
Both crying in their talking;
They ask'd the reason why
And wherefore they did cry so?

Then both together bawled,
That such a babe should die so
Ritol lol lura la, &c.

They all sat on the green,
While Katy told the tale O,
And ne'er was heard or seen
How they did weep and wail O,
They all went crying home,
Tom, old man, wife, and daughter,
Each night the ghost does come
And cry upon the water.

Spoken.—Ah, poor little baby ghost! that never was born, comes every night when the moon shines bright, puts its little finger in its eye, and begins to cry— Ritol lol lura la, &c.

Cobbler and Goose.

A Cobbler lived at York,
A merry man was he;
His wife took in needle work,
A good kind soul was she.
Easy as an old shoe
They pass'd their lives together,
All of a piece, 'tis true,
Like sole and upper leather.

Spoken.—They were a happy couple, worked hard, and never grumbled at the times, or at each other, that's a rare thing in our days: while she nimbly employed her needle, he hammered away at the lap-stone, and sung Ran, tan, tan, too, &c.

The cobbler bought a goose,
And fatten'd it quite high,
Somehow the bird got loose,

The day it was to die ;
'Here, Pegs,' bawled out the wife,
'Run after the goose to win her!'
Goosey she ran for her life,
And the cobbler ran after his dinner.

Spoken.—Away he went, and the boys after him, calling out, 'Now cobbler—now goose : two to one on Pegs!' Egad, he almost caught her once when his foot slipped, and headlong he went into the stye, among a litter of pigs, and only saved his bacon by leaving the tail of his coat in the old sow's grinders. But Pegs wasn't to be abashed, he followed her through bush and briar, bogs and quagmires, over houses, trees, hedges, ditches, fields, cats, dogs, cocks, hens, cows, bulls, and pigs. At last he knocked down the stall of an old woman who sold hot apple dumplings—that made a rare scramble for the boys ; and what could they do but sing

Ran, tan, tan, &c.

By the river he seized her rump,
But she got loose with a scream,
And he fell in the water plump,
While goosey cross'd the stream.
So finding the chase no use,
He went home in a shiver,
Told wifey he'd lost the goose,
But got a fine DUCK in the river.

Spoken.—'Oh, wife, wife!' he cried, 'I've had my morning's wet ; the goose has gone a gander hunting.—I was thrown out, and had fairly a tumbling in, besides leaving half my jacket in pawn in the piggery ; my wild goose chase has turned out a duck, but no green peas, and as I am very wet, you may as well hand us over a drop of Ran, tan, tan &c.

Giles Scroggings.

Giles Scroggings courted Molly Brown,
Fol lol de rol de rol de ra,
The fairest wench in all the town,
Fol de rol de rol de rol de ra.
He bought a ring with posy true,
If you loves me as I loves you,
No knife shall cut our love in two,
Fol lol de riddle lol de ra.

But scissors cut as well as knives, Fol lol, &c.
And quite uncertain is our lives, Fol lol, &c.
The day they were to have been wed,
Fate's scissors cut poor Giles's thread,
So they could not be married, Fol lol &c.

Poor Mary laid her down to weep, Fol lol, &c.
And cried herself quite fast asleep, Fol lol, &c.
When standing all by the bed post,
A figure tall her sight engross'd,
And it cried, I be Giles Scroggings' ghost, Fol lol, &c.

The ghost it said all solemnly, Fol lol, &c
O Molly you must go with I, Fol lol &c.
All to the grave your love to cool,
Says she, I am not dead you fool.
Says the ghost says he, vy that's no rule, Fol lol, &c.

The ghost he seiz'd her all so grim, Fol lol, &c.
All for to go along with him, Fol lol, &c.
Come, come, said he, ere morning beam,
I vont, she cried, and guv'd a scream ;
Then she 'woke and found she'd dream't a dream,
All about, Fol lol de riddle lol de ra.

Honey and Mustard.

Sir Jerry Go-Nimble, was lame of a leg,
Hey diddle, ho diddle dee,
And my Lady Go-Nimble had barely one peg;
For a very old lady was she.
Sir Jerry, when married, was just twenty-two;
My lady fourscore, when Sir J. came to woo:
As ugly as Poles, but as rich as a Jew.
Spoken.—How we used to laugh at the old creature, when she used to sing,
Hey diddle, ho diddle, hey diddle dee,
Sing hey diddle, ho diddle dee.

At the wedding, my lady was ask'd for a song,
Hey diddle, ho diddle dee;
"Oh," says she, "to comply I'll not hesitate long,
But I own I'm not quite in the key."
Then she gave a queer look, 'twixt a squint and a grin,
And screw'd up her snuff-colour'd lips to begin—
Like two bellows-handles she moved nose and chin
(*Spoken.*) When she sung—
What's life without passion?
Sweet passion of love!
Hey diddle, ho diddle, hey diddle dee, &c.

This pair of true lovers they liv'd upon love,
Hey diddle, ho diddle dee;
And the honey-moon lasted a week and above,
And then 'twas all mustard for she.
Sir Jerry was fond of his cards, dice and hits,
And my lady fell into *historical* fits,
And for cruelty drank herself out of her wits.

Spoken.) Poor soul! she wandered about like Crazy Jane, with a wisp of straw in one hand, and a brandy bottle in the other,

Singing—He was false, and I'm undone—
Hey diddle, ho diddle, hey diddle dee, &c.

At last by this sad hydrafogy she died,
Hey diddle, ho diddle dee;
And her grim ghost it came by Jerry's bed side,
Saying, List! for I'm come for thee!
Sir Jerry he hid himself under the clothes,
But the ghost very soon pull'd him out by the toes,
Threw him out of the window, and cried, "there he goes!"

(*Spoken.*) And there he went, sure enough,
Singing—
Hey diddle, ho diddle, hey diddle dee,
Hey diddle, ho diddle dee.

The Hunter's Horn.

Swift from the covert the merry pack fled,
While bounding, there sprang over valley and mead,
Wide spreading his antlers, erected his head,
The stag, his enemies scorning.
Oh, had you seen then through valley, through brake,
Each sportsman, right gallant, his rival race take,
'Twould have pleas'd beauty's ear to have heard echo wake
To the hunter's horn in the morning.

Clear'd was the forest, the mountains pass'd o'er,
While swiftly their riders the willing steeds bore

The river roll'd deep, while the stag spurn'd the shore,
Yet own'd no timorous warning.
So close was he follow'd, the foam where he sprung
Encircled and sparkled the coursers among,
While the dogs of the chase their rude melody rung,
To the hunter's horn in the morning.

The Knight Errant.

It was Dunois the young and brave,
Was bound for Palestine,
But first he made his orisons
Before St. Mary's shrine:
And grant, immortal queen of Heav'n,
Was still the soldier's prayer,
That I may prove the bravest knight,
And love the fairest fair!

His oath of honour on the shrine
He grav'd it with his sword,
And followed to the Holy Land
The banner of his lord:
When faithful to his noble vow,
His war-cry fill'd the air—
Be honour'd aye the bravest knight,
Belov'd the fairest fair!

They owe the conquest to his arm,
And then his liege lord said—
The heart that has for honour beat,
By bliss must be repaid.
My daughter Isabel, and thou
Shall be a wedded pair,

For thou art bravest of the brave,
She fairest of the fair!

And then they bound the holy knot,
Before St. Mary's shrine,
Which makes a paradise on earth,
When hearts and hands combine.
And every lord and lady bright,
That was in chapel there,
Cried, Honour'd be the bravest knight,
Belov'd the fairest fair!

Madame Vandercrout.

Ma'am Vandercrout, her weeds quite new,
Fifty, and richer than a Jew;
With voice of raven, and an eye
Might with the coddled gooseberry vie.
Fair as bull-beef—and then a form
Lovely as porpoise in a storm!
A ton of flesh, with gold hoops bound,
Just four feet high, and six feet round.
Thus form'd, thus featur'd, and thus fac'd,
Her person and her purse thus grac'd;
No wonder lovers swarm'd about
The charming Madam Vandercrout.

A lawyer begg'd his cause to plead,
Said, if he lik'd each title deed,
'Twixt Hymen, him, and her, that night
He'd draw indenture tripartite.
Come, come, said she, my man of law,
In your proceedings there's a flaw.
My goods and chattels you'd convey—

Please to convey yourself away.
You plead in vain, the trial's past,
You're nonsuited, ejected, cast;
You're ignoramus'd, and thrown out,
Then sue not Madam Vandercrout.

An Irish Jolmon swore away,
He'd love for ever and a day;
And, if she'd him for a husband have,
Her lord and master were her slave.
Paddy, you've made a bull, cried she,
You want to make a slave of me;
I'm his who for my person seeks,
Sure 'nt you Irishmen all Greeks?
Nothing but loss with you I'd gain;
No never, with your seven's the main.
'Mongst Pharaoh's host, shall fly about
The cash of Madam Vandercrout.

An auctioneer, a cunning dog,
Of her charms had made a catalogue;
With small talk keeping still a din,
So he should like to buy her in.
Indeed! cried she, by fortune cross'd,
Must I then wed to who bids most!
My person to the hammer brought,
And put up like a scurvy lot?
Begone, sir! with a frown,
Without reserve I'll knock you down.
'Tis heart for heart, you babbling lout
Must purchase Madame Vandercrout.

Thus lover after lover came,
The fortune courting, not the dame.

Which fortune rather than enthral,
She vow'd she would not wed at all.
This conduct's given a hundred names;
Some say she drinks, and some she games.
But none have hit the truth, not one;
The fact is, she has married John.
John's tall and comely, and beside,
She knew him ere her husband died.
And now the hist'ry's fairly out,
Of lovely Madame Vandercrout.

Oh! Cruel.

Oh! cruel were my parents as tore my love from me,
And cruel was the press-gang who took him off to sea,
And cruel was the little boat as rowed him from the strand,
And cruel was the great big ship as sailed him from the land.
Singing too rol loo rol loo rol, too rol loo rol loo.

Oh! cruel was the water as bore her love from Mary,
And cruel was the fair wind as would'nt blow contrary,
And cruel was the captain, boatswain, and the men,
As did'nt care a fardin, if we never met again.
Singing too rol, &c.

Oh! cruel was the splinter as broke my deary's leg,
Now he's oblig'd to fiddle for't, and I'm oblig'd to beg.
A vagabonding vagrant, and a rantipoling wife,
We fiddle, limp, and scrape it, through the ups and downs of life.
Singing too rol, &c.

Oh! cruel was th' engagement in which my true love fought,
And cruel was the cannon-ball as knock'd his right eye out;
He us'd to leer and ogle me, with peepers full of fun,
But now he looks askew at me, because he's only one.

Singing too rol, &c.

My love he plays the fiddle, and wanders up and down,
And I sings at his elbow, through all the streets in town;
We spends our days in harmony, and wery seldom fights,
Except when he's his grog aboard, or I gets queer at nights.

Singing too rol, &c.

Then ladies all take warning by my true love and me,
Though cruel fate should cross you, remember constancy;
Like me you'll be rewarded, and have your heart's delight,
With fiddiing in a morning, and a drop of gin at night.

Singing too rol, &c.

The Pleasures of Kissing.

There's something in kissing, I cannot tell why,
Makes my heart in a tumult, jump more than breast high;
For nine times in ten,
So teasing
And pleasing,
We find those rude creatures, the dear kissing men,
That we wish it repeated again and again.

Though a kiss stop my breath, oh! how little care I,
Since a woman at some time or other must die!
For nine times in ten,
So teasing
And pleasing,
We find those rude creatures, the dear kissing men,
That we wish it repeated again and again.

Perry's Victory.

O'er the bosom of Erie in fanciful pride,
Did the fleet of old England exultingly ride;
Till the flag of Columbia her Perry unfurl'd,
The boast of the west, and the pride of the wor'd.

The spirit of Lawrence his influence sheds,
To the van of the fight, while the Lawrence he leads;
There death dealt around, tho'such numbers oppose,
And levelled the gun at fair liberty's foes.

When cover'd with slain, from his decks he withdrew,
And left the Niagara the fight to renew ;
Where, undaunted in danger, our sea-beaten tars
O'er the cross of St. George wav'd the stripes and the stars.

Six ships, while our banners triumphantly flew,
Submitted to tars who were born to subdue ;
When they rush'd to the battle, resolv'd to maintain
The freedom of trade, and our right to the main !

With the glory of conquest our heroes are crown'd,
Let their brows with the bright naval chaplet be bound !
For still should the foe dare the fight to sustain,
Gallant Perry shall lead them to conquest again.

Sam Jones.

It was Sam Jones, the Fisherman, was bound for Sandy Hook,
But first upon his Almanack a solemn oath he took ;
And grant the tide may only serve, was still the pray'r of Sam's,
That I may have good luck to-night, and catch a load of clams !

His vow thus made, he took a spike, and wrote it on the door ;
And off he sail'd for Sandy Hook, along the Jersey shore !
When faithful to his promise, there he only took two drams !
Be honour'd sober Sammy Jones, that catch'd a load of clams.

They owe the lux'ry to his tongs, and Kitty Crammer said,
" The man that work'd so hard last night, shall never want for bread—
In yonder hut we both will live as innocent as lambs,
For thou art sure the greatest man that ever fish'd for clams !"

And then before the nearest 'squire, they tied the marriage noose,
Which is a thing that death has power alone to set it loose ;
And all the folks near Sandy Hook, and ev'ry friend of Sam's,
Cried, " honour'd be the greatest man that ever fish'd for clams."

THE SAILOR'S LAST WHISTLE.

Whether sailor or not, for a moment avast,
Poor Jack's mizen-topsail is laid to the mast ;
He'll never turn out, or more heave the lead,
He's now all aback, nor will sails shoot ahead ;
Yet though worms gnaw his timbers, his vessel's a wreck,
When he hears the last whistle, he'll jump upon deck !

Secur'd in his cabin, he's moor'd in his grave,
Nor hears any more the loud roar of the wave ;
Press'd by death, he is sent to the tender below,
Where seamen and lubbers must every one go.
Yet tho' worms, &c.

With his frame a mere hulk, and his reck'ning on board,
At length he dropp'd down to mortality's road;
With eternity's ocean before him in view,
He cheerfully popt out, "my messmates, adieu!"
For tho' worms, &c.

The Shoulder Knot.

John tripp'd up stairs by the night,
Heigh ho! to Betty got;
John tripp'd up stairs by the night,
Slily, without candle light.
Cries Bet, who's there?
'Tis I, my dear,
Johnny, with his shoulder knot.

What did foolish Betty do?
Heigh ho! she knew not what;
What did foolish Betty do?
Lifts the latch—in he flew!
When he kiss'd,
Could she resist
Johnny with his shoulder knot?

Madam Maudlin soon found out,
Heigh ho! poor Betty's lot;
Madam Maudlin soon found out,
What's this, says she, you've been about?
Betty cries,
And wipes her eyes,
The deuce is in his shoulder knot.

Nothing true but Heaven.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of Joy, the tears of Wo,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on Glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb—
There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day!
From wave to wave we're driven;
And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way—
There's nothing calm but Heaven!

Tyrolese Song of Liberty.

Merrily every bosom bo[u]ndeth,
Merrily oh! Merrily oh!
Where the song of f[r]eedom soundeth,
Merrily oh! Merrily oh!
Where the song of freedom soundeth,
Merrily oh! Merrily oh!
There the warrior's arms
Shed more splendour;
There the maiden's charms
Shine more tender:
Every joy the land surroundeth,
Merrily oh! Merrily oh!
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,
merrily oh! Merrily oh! Merrily oh!

Wearily every bosom pineth,
Wearily oh! Wearily oh!
Where the bond of slavery twineth,
Wearily oh! Wearily oh!
There the warrior's dart
Hath no fleetness;
There the maiden's heart
Hath no sweetness;
Every flower of life declineth,
Wearily oh! Wearily oh!
Wearily, wearily, &c.

Cheerily then from hill and valley,
Cheerily oh! Cheerily oh!
Like your native fountains sally,
Cheerily oh! Cheerily oh!
If a glorious death
Won by bravery,
Sweeter be than breath
Sigh'd in slavery;
Round the flag of freedom rally,
Cheerily oh! Cheerily oh!
Cheerily, cheerily, &c.

I Knew by the Smoke.

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd
Around the green elms, that a cottage was near;
And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world
The heart that is humble might hope for it here.

'Twas noon, and on flowers that languish'd around,
In silence repos'd the voluptuous bee;
Ev'ry leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound,
But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree.

And "here in this lone little wood," I exclaim'd,
"With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
Who would blush when I prais'd her, and weep
when I blam'd,
How blest could I live, and how calm could I die.

By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
Which had never been sigh'd on by any but mine.

Let Fame Sound the Trumpet.

Let Fame sound the trumpet, and cry to the war
Let Glory re-echo the strain;
The full tide of honour may flow from the scar,
And herces may smile in their pain.

The treasures of Autumn let Bacchus display,
And stagger about in his bowl;
On science let Sol beam the lustre of day,
And wisdom give light to the soul.

Let India unfold her rich gems to the view,
Each virtue, each joy to improve;
O, give me the friend that I know to be true,
And the fair that I tenderly love.

What's glory but pride! a vain bubble is fame,
And riot the pleasures of wine;
What's riches but trouble! and title's a name,
But friendship and love are divine.

Sprig of Shelelagh.

Oh! love is the soul of a neat Irishman,
He loves all that's lovely—loves all that he can,
With his Sprig of Shelelagh and Shamrock so green;
His heart is right honest, 'tis open and sound;
No malace or envy is there to be found,
He courts and he marries, he drinks and he fights,
He loves, oh! he loves, for in that he delights,
With his Sprig of Shelelagh and Shamrock so green.

Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook fair,
An Irishman all in his glory is there,
With his Sprig of Shelelagh and Shamrock so green;
His clothes spick and span new without ever a speck,
A new barcelona tied round his neat neck,
He goes to a tent and he spends half a crown,
Comes out, meets his friend, and for love knocks
him down, With his Sprig, &c.

In the evening returning, as homeward he goes,
His heart soft with whiskey, his head soft with
blows,
From a Sprig of Shelelagh and Shamrock so green;
He meets with his Shelah, who frowning a smile,
Cries, get you gone Pat, yet consents all the while,
To church they soon go, and nine months after that
A young baby cries, how d'ye do father Pat,
With your Sprig, &c.

Success to the land that gave Patrick his birth,
Success to all parts of the neighbouring earth,
Where grows the Shelelagh and Shamrock so green;
May the sons of this land, and the sons of the Shannon,
Thrash the foes that would plant on our confines a
cannon;

United and happy at liberty's shrine,
May the laurels of freedom long flourish and twine,
Round the Sprig of Shelelagh and Shamrock so green.

Paddy's Chapter on Pockets.

Och! long life to the girls who revive without pother,
The mode of our darling original mother,
For Eve was as straight as the sticks of sky-rockets,
And first set the fashion of wearing no pockets.
Then, ladies, go cool, and don't care a splinter,
For easterly winds and a cold frosty winter;
With petticoats light, genteely, and clever,
So flannel be d——d and the ague for ever.

Mistress Eve, who with panniers her sides would not saddle,
Ne'er thought on a pocket to hold in her daddle;
By my soul, the invention's quite handy and sensible,
So bless every lady's sweet indispensible.
Then ladies, &c.

Och! from Cork Paddy came, and the English defin'd him,
For wearing his coat neatly buttoned behind him;
Tit for tat, English Girls, the Pats all adore you,
So pray visit Cork with your pockets before you.
Then ladies, &c.

At one of your boroughs not free from infection,
Should a lady set up at a general election:
With pocket in hand, and the mopusses in it,
Och! she'd be at the head of the poll in a minute,
Then ladies, &c.

The late Tristram Shandy, and no man was apter,
Once threaten'd on pockets to write a big chapter:

My chapter on pockets I give harum scarum,
So bless the dear creatures, however they wear them.
Then ladies, go cool, and dont care a splinter,
For men must adore them both summer and winter;
For sweet are their smiles in all changes of weather,
So bless all their faces and pockets together.

Stolen Kiss.

Tell me Maria, tell me true,
Is it a crime so much amiss,
To see and love a girl like you,
And steal from lips like yours, a kiss?

If so, revenge the crime I've done.
Give me another ere we part;
'Twill fix the lover you have won,
And live for ever in his heart.

Friend and Pitcher.

The wealthy fool, with gold in store,
Will still desire to grow richer,
Give me but health, I ask no more,
My charming girl, my friend and pitcher.
My friend so rare, my girl so fair,
With such, what mortal can be richer,
Give me but these, a fig for care,
With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.

From morning sun I'd never grieve,
To toil a hedger or a ditcher,

If that, when I came home at eve,
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher
My friend so rare, &c.

Though fortune ever shun my door,
I know not what can thus bewitch her;
With all my heart can I be poor,
With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher,
My friend so rare &c.

Post Captain.

WHEN Steerwell heard me first impart
Our brave commander's story,
With ardent zeal his youthful heart
Swell'd high for naval glory;
Resolv'd to gain a valiant name,
For bold adventures eager,
When first a little cabin-boy on board the Fame
He would hold on the jigger:
While ten jolly tars, with a musical Joe,
Hove the anchor a-peak singing yoe heave yoe
While ten jolly tars, &c,

To hand top-gallant-sails next he learn'd,
With quickness, care, and spirit,
Whose gen'rous master then discern'd
And priz'd his dawning merit:
He taught him soon to reef and steer,
When storms convulse the ocean,
Where shoals made skilful vet'rans fear,
When mark'd him for promotion:
As none to the pilot e'er answer'd like he,

When he gave the command, hard a-port helm a-lee,
Luff, boys luff, keep her near,
Clear the buoy, make the pier.
None to the pilot, &c.

For valour, skill, and worth renown'd,
The foe he oft defeated,
And now with fame and fortune crown'd
Post captain he is rated;
Who should our injur'd country bleed,
Still bravely would defend her:
Now blest with peace, if beauty plead,
He'll prove his heart as tender.
Unaw'd, yet mild to high and low,
To poor and wealthy, friend or foe;
Wounded tars share his wealth,
All the fleet drinks his health:
Priz'd be such hearts, for aloft they will go,
Which always are ready compassion to show
To a brave conquer'd foe.

The Willow Tree.

O TAKE me to your arms my love, for keen the wind doth blow,
O take me to thy arms my love, for bitter is my woe;
She hears me not, she cares me not, nor will she list to me,
And here I lie in misery beneath the willow tree.

My love has wealth and beauty, the rich attend the door,

My love has wealth and beauty, and I, alas! am poor;
The riband fair, that bound her hair, is all that's left to me,
While here I lie in misery, beneath the willow tree.

I once had gold and silver, I thought them without end,
I once had gold and silver, and I thought I had a friend;
My wealth is lost, my friend is false, my love he stole from me,
And here I lie in misery, beneath the willow tree.

The American Star.

Come, strike the bold anthem, the war-dogs are howling,
Already they eagerly snuff up their prey,
The red clouds of war o'er our forests are scowling,
Soft Peace spreads her wings and flies weeping away;
The infants affrighted, cling close to their mothers,
The youth grasp their swords, for the combat prepare,
While beauty weeps fathers, and lovers, and brothers,
Who rush to display the American Star.

Come blow the shrill bugle, the loud drum awaken,
The dread rifle seize, let the cannon deep roar;
No heart with pale fear, or faint doublings be shaken,
No slave's hostile foot leave a print on our shore!

Shall mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters, left
weeping,
Insulted by ruffians, be dragged to despair!
Oh no! from her hills the proud eagle comes sweep
ing,
And waves to the brave, the American Star.

The spirits of Washington, Warren, Montgomery,
Look down from the clouds, with bright aspects
serene;
Come soldiers, a tear and a toast to their memory,
Rejoicing they'll see us as they once have been;
To us the high boon by the gods has been granted,
To spread the glad tidings of Liberty far;
Let millions invade us, we'll meet them undaunted,
And conquer or die by the American Star.

Your hands then, dear comrades, round Liberty's
altar,
United we swear by the souls of the brave!
Not one from the strong resolution shall falter,
To live independent, or sink to the grave!
Then freemen fill up—Lo! the strip'd banner's
flying,
The high bird of Liberty screams through the
air,
Beneath her Oppression and Tyranny dying—
Success to the beaming American Star.

The Battle of the Kegs.

Gallants attend, and hear a friend
Trill forth harmonious ditty;
Strange things I'll tell, which late befell,
In Philadelphia city.

'Twas early day, as poets say,
Just when the sun was rising,
A soldier stood on log of wood,
And saw a sight surprising.

As in amaze he stood to gaze,
The truth can't be denied, sir;
He spied a score of kegs, or more,
Come driving down the tide, sir,

A sailor too, in jerkin blue,
This strange appearance viewing,
First damned his eyes, in great surprise,
Then said, "some mischief's brewing."

"These kegs now hold the rebels bold,
"Packed up like pickled herring:
"And they're come down to attack the town,
"In this new way of ferrying."

The soldier flew, the sailor too,
And scared almost to death, sir,
Wore out their shoes to spread the news,
And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now up and down, throughout the town,
Most frantic scenes were acted:
And some ran here and others there,
Like men almost distracted.

Some fire cried, which some denied,
But said the earth had quaked,
And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
Ran through the streets half naked.

Sir William he, sung as a flea,
Lay all this time a snoring;
Nor dreamed of harm as he lay warm
In bed with Mrs. Loring.

Now in a fright he starts upright,
Awaked by such a clatter;
First rubs his eyes, then boldly cries,
"For God's sake, what's the matter?"

At his bed-side then he espied
Sir Erskine, at command, sir;
Upon one foot he had one boot,
And t'other in his hand, sir.

Arise, arise," sir Erskine cries,
"The rebels—more's the pity!
"Without a boat, are all afloat,
"And ranged before the city.

"The motley crew in vessels new,
"With Satan for their guide, sir,
"Packed up in bags, and wooden kegs,
"Come driving down the tide, sir.

"Therefore, prepare for bloody war;
"These kegs must all be routed,
"Or surely we despised shall be,
"And British valour doubted."

The royal band now ready stand,
All ranged in dread array, sir,
On every slip, in every ship,
For to begin the fray, sir.

The cannons roar, from shore to shore,
The small arms make a rattle;
Since wars began, I'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel dales—the rebel vales,
With rebel trees surrounded;
The distant woods, the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swam to and fro,
Attacked on every quarter;
Why sure, thought they, the devil's to pay
Among folks above the water.

The kegs, 'tis said, though strongly made,
Of rebel staves and hoops, sir,
Could not oppose their powerful foes,
The conquering British troops, sir.

From morn to night those men of might
Displayed amazing courage:
And when the sun was fairly down,
Retired to sup their porridge.

One hundred men, with each a pen,
Or more, upon my word, sir,
It is most true, would be too few
Their valour to record, sir.

Such feats did they perform that day
Against those wicked kegs, sir,
That years to come, if they get home,
They'll make their boasts and brags, sir.

Hail to the Chief.

Hail to the Chief, who in triumph advances,
Honour'd and blest be the evergreen pine:
Long may the tree in his banner that glances,
Flourish the shelter and grace of our line.
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew;
Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to grow;
While every Highland glen,
Send our shout back agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine Dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Ours is no sapling chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
When the whirlwind has stript every leaf on the mountain,
The more shall Clan Alpine exult in her shade.
Moor'd in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
The firmer he roots him, the ruder it blow:
Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
Echo his praise agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine Dhu, ho! ieroe!

Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in Glen Fruin,
And Banochars groans to our slogan replied,
Glen Luss and Ross Dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.
Widow and Saxon maid,
Long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan Alpine with fear and with wo.
Lenox and Levon glen,
Shake when they hear agen
"Roderigh Vich Alpine Dhu, ho! ieroe!

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!
Stretch to your oars for the evergreen pine!
O! that the rose-bud that graces yon islands,
Were wreath'd in a garland around him to twine
O that some seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem,
Honour'd and blest in their shadow may grow;
Loud should Clan Alpine then,
Ring through her deepmost glen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine Dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Gunpowder Tea.

AIR—"Jenny put the kettle on."

Johnny Bull and many more,
Soon, they say, are coming o'er;
As soon as e'er they reach our shore,
They must have their tea.

CHORUS.—So go and put the kettle on,
Be sure to blow the bellows strong;
Load our cannon every one,
With strong Gunpowder tea.

They'll get it strong, they need not dread,
Sweetened well with sugar of Lead;
Perhaps it may get in their head,
And spoil their taste for tea.
So go, &c.

But should they set a foot on shore
Their cups we'd fill them o'er and
Such as John Bull drank here before
Nice Saratoga tea.
So go, &c.

Then let them come, as soon's they can,
They'll find us at our posts each man;
Their hides we will completely tan,
Before they get their tea.

Chorus.—So go and put the kettle on:
Be sure to blow the bellows strong
Load our cannon every one,
With strong Gunpowder tea.

For the Fourth of July.

Air—"Yankee Doodle."

Yankee Doodle is the tune
Americans delight in;
'Twill do to whistle, sing or play,
And just the thing for fighting.

Chorus.—Yankee Doodle, boys, huzza!
Down outside, up the middle—
Yankee Doodle, fa, sol, la,
Trumpet, drum, and fiddle.

Should Great Britain, Spain or France
Wage war upon our shore, sir,
We'll lead them such a woundy dance,
They'll find their toes are sore, sir,
Yankee Doodle, &c.

Should a haughty foe expect
To give our boys a caning,
We guess they'll find the lads have larnt
A little bit of training.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

I'll wager now a mug of flip,
And bring it on the table,
Put Yankee boys aboard a ship,
To beat them they are able.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

Then if they go to argufy,
I rather guess they'll find too,
We've got a set of tonguey blades,
To out-talk 'em, if they're mind to.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

America's a dandy place:
The people are all brothers:
And when one's got a pumpkin pie,
He shares it with the others.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

We work, and sleep, and pray in peace—
By industry we thrive, sir,
And if a drone won't do his part,
We'll scout him from the hive, sir,
Yankee Doodle, &c.

And then on INDEPENDENCE DAY
(And who's a better right to?)
We eat and drink, and sing and play,
And have a dance at night too,
Yankee Doodle, &c

Our girls are fair, our boys are tough,
Our old folks wise and healthy,
And when we've every thing enough,
We count that we are wealthy.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

We're happy, free, and well to do,
And cannot want for knowledge;
For almost every mile or two,
You find a school or college.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

The land we till is all our own!
Whate'er the price, we paid it;
Therefore we'll fight till all is blue,
Should any dare invade it.
Chorus.—Yankee Doodle, boys; huzza!
Down outside, up the middle—
Yankee Doodle, fa, sol, la,
Trumpet, drum and fiddle

Banks and Braes o' bonnie Doon.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sa fresh and fair?
How can ye sing, ye little birds,
While I'm sae wearie fu' o' care?
Ye'll break my heart, ye little birds,
That warble on the flow'ry thorn;
Ye mind me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Aft have I stray'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine,
And hear ilk bird sing o' its love,
As fondly sae did I of mine;
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Sae sweet upon its thorny tree;
But my fause love has stown the rose,
And left the sharpest thorn to me.

O blaw, ye flowers your bonnie bloom,
And draw the wild birds to the burn!
For Lumon promis d me a ring,
And ye maun ait me, should I mourn.
O na, na, na, ye need na bloom!
My een are dim and drowsy worn:
Ye bonnie birds, ye need na sing,
For Lumon ne'er will return.

My Lumon's love, in broken sighs,
At dawning day by Doon ye'll hear;
At mid-day, by the willow green,
For him I'll shed the silent tear.
Sweet birds! I ken ye'll pity me,
And join me wi' a plaintive sang,
While echo wakes, to aid the mane
I mak for him I lo'ed sae lang.

Sandy and Jenny.

Come, come, bonny lassie, cried Sandy awa,
While mither's a spinning, and father's afar;
The folk are at work, and the bairns are at play,
And we will be married, dear Jenny, to-day.

Stay, stay, bonny laddie, I answer'd with speed,
I winna, I munna, go wi' you indeed;
Besides, should I do so, what would the folk say,—
O we canna marry, dear Sandy, to-day.

List, list, cried he, lassie, and mind what you do,
Baithy Peggy and Patty I gave up for you;
Besides a full twelvemonh we've trifled away,
And one or the other I'll marry to-day.

Fie, fie, bonny laddie, replied I again,
When Peggy you kiss'd t'other day on the plain;
Besides a new ribbon does Patty display,
So we canna marry, dear Sandy, to-day.

Then, then a good-bye, bonny lassie, says he,
For Peggy and Patty are waiting for me;
The kirk is hard by, and the bells call away,
And Peggy or Patty I'll marry to-day.

Stop, stop, bonny laddie, says I, with a smile,
For know I was joking indeed all the while;
Let Peggy go spin, and send Patty away,
And we will be married, dear Sandy, to-day.

For the Sake of Somebody.

My heart is sair, I dare na tell,
My heart is sair for somebody;
I could wake a winter night
For the sake o' somebody.
Oh-hon! for somebody.
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' somebody.

Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love,
O, sweetly smile on somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody.
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-hey! for somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not?
For the sake o' somebody!